

CNT
SONGS, &c.

IN THE

SONS OF BRITANNIA;

OR

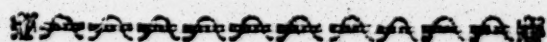
GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

A

LOYAL DIVERTISEMENT.

OF

SONG, DANCE, AND SPECTACLE



PERFORMED AT

SADLER'S WELLS.

M DCC XCIV.

VOCAL CHARACTERS.

Recruiting Serjeant
Countryman
Chelsea Pensioner
French Emigrant
Trifarian
Giles
Ralph
Sailor
Britannia



Mr. DUBOIS
Mr. DIGHTON
Mr. GRAY
Mr. KING
Mr. NORMAN
Mr. DYKE
Mr. SMITH
Mr. DIGHTON
Mrs. ILIFF.

Principal CHARACTERS in the SPECTACLE.

War
Discord
Scotia
Hibernia
Commerce
Industry
Plenty
Mirth
Fancy
Wit
Pleasure
Time
Peace
Harmony

Mr. BOYCE
Mr. BOLCGNA, *Jun.*
Mrs. CARNE
Mrs. LEWIS
Mad. REDIGE
Mrs. PERRY
Mrs. BROOKER
Mr. HOLLAND
Mrs. ILLINGHAM.
Mr. KING
Miss DANIEL
Mr. VINCENT
Miss MEADOWS
Miss TAYLOR.

THE Dances by Mr. HOLLAND, Mr. KING,
and Mr. DUBOIS, Mrs. BROOKER: Miss DANIEL,
and Mrs. ILLINGHAM—with a variety of Evolutions,
analogous to the Subject, by the rest of the Company.

* * *Owing to the length of time necessarily taken up by the Spectacle, the Vocal Part is occasionally shortened, by omissions, as marked with inverted Commas.*

S O N G-S, &c. in
The Sons of Britannia.



SONG.———*Sergeant.*

LET the sage Historian blunder
Thro' great events, and with all his sense,
To back some share of Plunder

Well prime his Pen with Gall:
We Soldiers live by fighting,
As the Wise Men do by writing;
And defend, Attack, Storm, Siege or Sack,
At a bold Commander's Call.

Let the pinching Miser hoary,
Talk to himself, of his bags of pelf,
And deaf to the call of Glory,
Stare on the sound of Coin:
We Soldiers are rich as Cræsus,
When we hear but the noise of our Pieces
The God we adore is iron ore,
And our Wealth can boast a mine.

Let the pale fac'd Lover, whining,
Tell how he smarts with Flames and Darts,
Till his Breast Work undermining,
A Mistress makes him yield:
We Soldiers court in Thunder,
From the mouth of an Eighteen Pounder,
We no Mistress own, but fair Renown,
And espouse her in the Field.

Let the Panper'd Glutton, gorging,
On Turtle dine, or drink french Wine
Till he bursts with overcharging,
And quits the field with shame:

We Soldiers keep our station,
 'Spite of french intoxication ;
 Our foes we flafh, into Calves head hafh !
 And a Surfeit, Boys, is fame.

SONG. ——— *Countryman.*

Ralph,—Uds ! nigs ! prithee what dos't think ?
 Of a Soldiers loife, and foighting and drumming ?
 Neay, teake heart of Grace and never try to flink,
 When the Car-mang-gols as the call'n are coming.

Tom and Will, Dick and Phil, 'ad dang it ! come and 'lift,
 Here's Meafter Serjeant will gie a protty penny ;
 A thing loike to this when you gott'n in your mutton fift,
 Once at'n, yow'd hitt'n as well as any !

Foiting, Battling, Roaring, Rattling, Shooting,
 Popping, Hewing, Chopping,
 Spite of all that may befall, mun be a foine divarfion :

And if fhut dead, there's no more to be faid,
 But poor Jahn Taunton died in the fafhion !

If ye live and win the day, why then y'a gotten this to fay,
 Tis better fport than cudgel play, and wins ye moartal glo-
 Let the Lad that's clever, try it howfomelever, [ry :
 Now's the time or never, to kick the World afore ye.

I melancholly was as a Cat,
 When Doll bid me go and hang in my Garter ; [dier,
 In an anger, neaw ad dang her ! I ha' told her, like a Sol.
 he nor ne'er a Sans Culotte, mun never hope for Quarter.

Red Coats look fo smart and pretty, Cock'd up hats
 fo nicely fit ye :

Wauns ! Ralph, what a pity yeaw've noa refolution !

Loyal hearts can ftand the teft, 'tis they that ferve
 their Country beft, [fufion.

And may the Gallows catch the reft that ftrove to breed con-

You that would Valour shew,
 No time so fit as now,
 Soa gie's a loyal Row de dow
 For King and Constitution !
 Come all, great, small,
 Short, tall—Hey for a red Coat !

SONG.———*Chelsea Pensioner.*

" Then farewell those days of Glory,
 " At my grief you well may guess ;
 " Oft have I declar'd my story,
 " How I lov'd my poor brown Bess."

Thirty-eight long years in clover
 My fond arms she us'd to bless ;
 Ten long years and more are over
 Since I've hugg'd my poor brown Bess.

Her skin tho' not so soft and fair as
 Some nice Dames, I must confess,
 Yet as much good time and care has
 Been employ'd on poor brown Bess.

Faithful still to ev'ry Duty,
 For Parade whene'er I'd dress,
 Neat and clean, a polish'd beauty,
 Ever came my poor brown Bess

" But, alas ! those times are past, now
 " Age and wounds my frame possess ;
 " Death I find approaching fast now,
 " So farewell my poor brown Bess."

In one request, ah ! don't oppose me,
 Ere the turf my corps shall press—
 Ere the coffin quite enclose me,
 By my side place poor brown Bess.

SONG.———*Frenchman.*

Vat brought me to to Londre ? Bon,—dat you fall know,
 And why I leave Paris, Marfeilles, and Bourdeaux :
 Mais—since dat you no can entendre François,
 Me finge it in Engliſe, Monſieur, s' il vous plait.

You know de Convention dat kill a deir King,
 Dey ſwore to take Holland de very ſame ſpring ;
 I vas den wid the army, and ſam'd Dumourier,
 Where was hunger in front, and all rags in the rear.

I remember dat time when we all march away
 De crow dey did follow in ſearch of de prey :
 But when dey behold us dey follow no more,
 For by Gar dey ne'er ſaw ſuch poor ſcare crow before.

At laſt we arrive on de Hollander' coaſt,
 And make proclamation, wid very fine boatt ;
 Eut 'tis very well known dat deceive us great deal,
 So we no could take Holland, we took to our heel.

“ Den we all go to quarrel—tought I to myſell,
 “ Meſſieurs Serviteur !—you may all go to hell !
 “ So me take a French leave—foutre ! vat do I ſay ?
 “ Ouf ! de French take deir leave in a different way ?”

Ye Briton, who wiſh like de French to be free,
 Take warning by Citizen Paine, and by me—
 Pauvre Tom ſay we're free like be bird inde air—
 Yes—be Gar dey have cage *him*, and I am pluck bare !

I am now come to England to beg your relief,
 And inſtead of no victual, to manger roast beef.
 Ah ! bleſs on your faces, ſo plump and ſo clear,
 'Tis de right ſort of Freedom, I ſee, flouriſh here.

SONG.—Irishman.

One April the first I set off, like a fool,
 From Kilkenny to Dublin, to see Lawrence Tool,
 My mother's third cousin, who often wrote down
 For to come and to see how he flourish'd in town.
 I had scarce set a foot in the terrible place
 Before a Spalpeen came and star'd in my face—
 He call'd to a press-gang,—they came without fail,
 And soon neck and crap carried Patrick O'Neal.

They scamper'd away as they thought with a prize,
 Taking me for a sailor, you see, in disguise,
 But a terrible blunder they made in their strife,
 For I ne'er see'd a ship nor the sea in my life.
 Then strait to a Tender they made me repair,
 But of Tendernefs devil a morsel was there;
 Och! I ramp'd and I curs'd, but it did not avail,
 'Till a great swimming castle met Patrick O'Neal.

This big swinging thief roll'd about in the tide,
 Wid all her front teeth sticking fast by her side;
 Where they bid me to mount, and be sure for to keep
 Fast hold with my trotters, for fear I should trip
 I let go my hand, and stuck fast with my toes,
 And (how it could happen the Lord above knows—)
 Fell plump in the water, and splash'd like a whale,
 'Till pretty well pickled was Patrick O'Neal.

“Wid a great swell of laughter, they hoisted me in
 “To this huge wooden world, full of riot and din;
 “What strings and what pullies attracted my eye, [dry!
 “And how large were the sheets that were hung out to
 “It seem'd Noah's ark, stuff'd with different guests,
 “Hogs, pedlars, geese, sailors, and all other beasts:
 “Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of ale,
 “While some sat and laugh'd at poor Patrick O'Neal.”

Then to go down below I exprest a great wish,
 Where they live under water like so many fish;
 I was clapt in a mefs with some more of the crew,
 They call'd it Banyan day—so gave me Burgoo:
 For a Bed, I'd a Sack swung as high as my chin,
 They call'd it a Hammock, and bid me get in;
 I took a great leap, but my footing was frail,
 For clean over canted was Patrick O'Neal.

The Devil a wink could I sleep all the night,
 And awoke the next morn in a terrible fright,
 Up Hammocks,—down Chests they began for to bawl,
 Here's a Frenchman in fight—sure! says I, is that all?
 Then we haul'd up our large window shutters with speed,
 And run out our Bull Dogs, of true English breed;
 While the Creatures gave mouth I held fast by the tail,
 And they kick'd and run over poor Patrick O'Neal.

Thus we rattled away, by my foul, hob or nob,
 Till the Frenchman gave out, as he thought a bad job,
 To tie him behind, a large Cord they did bring,
 And we led him along like a Pig in a string—
 Then home to Old England we dragg'd the French boy,
 Och! the fight of the Land made me Sea-sick for joy;
 They made up a Peace—and (the War growing Stale,)
 Set all hands adrift with poor Patrick O'Neal.

So, ye see, on dry Land, a safe course I can steer,
 Neither Cat-head, nor Cat-block, nor any Cat fear—
 While there's Shot in in the Locker, I'll sing I'll be bound,
 And Saturday Night shall last all the Week round;
 But since King and Country now calls us amain,
 By the Piper of Leinster I'll venture again,
 Make another dry Voyage,—bring home a fresh Tale,
 And you'll laugh till you cry at poor Patrick O'Neal.

SONG.————*Britannia.*

Hark! the Trumpet sounds alarm,
 And calls Britannia's Sons to arm
 In Patriotic Ire :
 Ne'er shall my Children tamely see,
 Wild sparks of Gallic Liberty,
 Uncheck'd by British Fire.

True to the Blessings of your Land,
 In martial Union line the Strand,
 Or plough surrounding Waves ;
 Let Heart and Hand and Voice proclaim,
 That British ardor still's the same,
 And Britons ne'er were Slaves.

" Minerva now Britannia Greets,
 " Inspires her Rulers—Mans her Fleets,
 " And guards her Liberty ;
 " While Fame descends by Fate's command,
 " With this inscription in her hand,
 " Britons are dear to me."

TRIO, and GLEE.

" Hail! to the day whose beams again
 " Returning claims the Choral strain,
 " For him who fills the Throne ;
 " For him the Guardian of our Laws,
 " Will ev'ry Subject shout applause,
 " And make this day his own."

Ev'ry heart this day rejoices,
 Loyal Subjects raise your Voices,
 Till the lofty Welkin ring ;
 May our Sov'reign live for ever,
 Deck'd with Glory, fading never,
 George for ever, live the King.

Song.———*Sailor.*

Come, Friend sheer off with your fine slack Jaw,
Or I'll make your crazy sides to yaw,
D'ye think for to hum good Subjects so?

Why, man, 'tis all my eye!

You may sport your Gimcracks where you may.
I'm a plain Jack Tar, Bet, that's my way,
And to all that a foreign swab can say,

Why, I sings fal de ral Tit.

It was neither the Girls, nor Drink, nor Debt,
Drove me to Sea—now was it Bet?—

I said so then,—and I says it yet,

It was all for to sarve my King;

Then damme! why should a French Monsieur,
Ever come for to go for to say this here—

That an English heart has *that* to fear,

While he sings fal de ral Tit.

Now, because I'm a gigging it here ashore,

You may think I goes to Sea no more,

And I don't, d'ye mind, blame you therefore,

Cause I should a' said the same—

But, Lord! I'm none of your skulking swells,

Tho' I likes a trip to Sadler's Wells,

And there, when I sees the Beaux and the Belles,

Why, I sing fal de ral Tit.

Then Bet my Girl since my mind you know,

Let us take one spell before we go—

All hands on deck for a Dance—Yo! ho!

Why Fiddlers that's your fort;

Should a true Jack Tar, up aloft, there, be,

Mayhap he'd like to join with me,

Take a parting frisk, then off to Sea,

And there sing fal de ral Tit.

F I N A L E.

Attend to me Soldiers and Sailors and others,
My Ditty appeals to your Courage and Sense,
Come round me, my Lads, let us shake hands like brothers
And join one and all in Old England's defence;
Though Traitors, by tricks to seduce us endeavour,
We'll stand by our King, Laws and Country for ever.

"Our Forefathers fully considered the cause,
"Of Freedom, of Justice, of Honour and Fame,
"Then bravely and wisely establish'd such Laws,
"As rais'd above others the Englishman's Name;
"Then shall we lose sight of them? never boys never,
"Huzza, for our King, Laws and Country for ever,"

With firmness let's stick to our Old Constitution,
And watch o'er its welfare as long as we've breath,
Let this be each Englishman's fixt Resolution,
His rights to preserve, or to lose them in Death;
Though Traitors by tricks to seduce us endeavour,
We'll stand by our King, Laws and Country for ever.

F I N I S.



